

CAMPAIGN IN THE BRONX FIGHT OF 11,000 PATRIOTS WITH EYES ON 300 JOBS

Twelve Tickets in Field and Plain Voters Are Puzzled—Murphy and the Tiger Are Live Issues.

The Bronx is having the time of its life. From dawn until long past midnight the air is heavy with the smoke of oratory, the deep-throated boom of the spellbinder's artillery reverberates among the hills, and the very streets run red with charge and counter charge.

It's not the old Bronx you used to know, the one that kicked up its heels only now and then in youthful enthusiasm. It's the new Bronx, BRONX COUNTY! And it's BRONX COUNTY's first call to arms to fight out an election as a county of the great and glorious Empire State, New York. (Cries of "Hear, hear!")

Only last March did the Bronx become a county, and this after the efforts of a decade and the ruling of the Court of Appeals. Her people felt that they had outgrown boroughhood and were entitled to home rule. They fought for freedom and won it. Whether they had their eyes upon the possibilities of the present situation, or whether the lesser light whetted their appetites and avarice for the greater engagement, is problematical. Suffice it to say that when the campaign which is now rocking their homes arrived they were prepared for it. All they had to do was to take the train from its hasty place behind the door and rally forth. They had already learned how to shoot.

EVEN THE OLDEST INHABITANT IS DAZED BY IT.

The Bronx has had many elections in its day, but there is not a man now living, not even a half alive oldest inhabitant, who can recall any such scene as are at this present being enacted daily and nightly within its precincts. Some one may be able to remember when goats and their owners roamed at will upon the heather that carpeted what is now the intersection of Third and One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, but never before did mortal eye behold four political meetings in progress at the crossroads. However, they are, and all of different complexion. But this is the fact. Add to it the street and avenue so filled with eager listeners that the cars and wagons can scarcely win a passage through the press, and you have a slight idea of the center of the excitement.

Or, if the oldest inhabitant be skeptical of print, lead him to the juncture of Prospect and Westchester avenues and hand him his glasses. There he will discover six crowds gathered about six spellbinders, every mother's son of them with his speech motor slipped into the high and hitting only the topmost spots. Let him have a glimpse of the caravan of motor cars which travels about the region, each equipped with a bugler and a squad of orators, ready to stop anywhere along the route that gives promise of an audience.

Let him note the roaring enthusiasm of the crowds, the cheers for acceptable statements and the noisy abuse for others. Bid him cast an eye upon the array of banners spanning the streets, the lithographs smiling the well-known "candidate smile" from home windows, shop windows and billboards, the electric-light-outlined trolley cars, the bands, the torches, the earnest determination of it all, and then ask him what he thinks of it. Ten to one in any amount he goes home and gets his gun.

FIGHT TO A FINISH AND NO QUARTER ASKED.

No, the Bronx has never had such a time as this, and dropping for a moment into rhetoric, even its victory in achieving countyhood pales into insignificance by comparison. It is a fight to a finish, with no quarter asked, and the finish is to come next Tuesday. By Wednesday morning, when the smoke has blown away, the theatre of war will be strewn with dead ones, but they will have died mightily hard.

The conflict which is now being waged gives ample token that the Bronx does not believe in doing things by halves. Most communities are content with having only a few tickets in the field, and only a reasonable number of candidates to receive votes. Not so the Bronx.

Just now there are twelve tickets on the battlefield and candidates enough to fill a village directory. Each of these twelve tickets has its army, from general down to water carrier, so that the little wonder that the county is over-run. A conservative estimate (a phrase borrowed from an unsuspecting orator), permits one to say that there are at least 2,500 warriors in battle array every hour from the rising of the sun to the going down of the sun, and they are not losing one minute of that time.

Now, while all this is going on, the humble voter must not be overlooked. He has his troubles. They begin with the twelve tickets which confront him. If he is wise he gives off somewhere, finds a comparatively quiet spot and gives things a little more over. Now, as to the twelve tickets. He has his choice of these: The Democratic party, the Republican party, the National Progressive party, the Socialist party, the Leagues, the Socialist Labor party, the Anti-Tammany Jeffersonian Alliance, the Bronx County Jeffersonian Union, the Direct Primary Nomination Alliance, the City Economy League and the Bronx County Independent Union. Here he takes a long breath.

EMBLEMS ON BALLOT REMIND ONE OF PRIMER DAYS.

Then he diverts himself a moment with the party emblems at the top of the columns on the sample ballot some one has asked upon him. With its star, eagle, mouse head, fountain hammer, rooster, safe, beehive and rising sun the thing looks to him like something out of his green covered primer. It reminds him of "The star, see the star. Yes, no, it is not a star; it is a rooster; no, it is not, it is a beehive" that used to give him the struggle in the olden days.

But this isn't a marker to what comes after, when he begins to slant at the candidates. If he doesn't go up it's because he has his feet hooked under the chair. Some of the candidates look normal enough because they are only on one ticket, but when he gets to John Purroy Mitchell he finds that worthy on the Republican, Progressive, Independence, Bronx County, Jeffersonian and Direct Primary party lists. He looks further and finds Mr. McAneny on a number, and Mr. Prendergast on all eleven of the Independence League, Douglas Mathewson, the Fusion candidate for Borough President, has his name in the columns of the Republican, Independence Leagues, Bronx County Jeffersonian, City Economy League and Anti-Tammany Jeffersonian. And also there is Tom O'Neill, who is running as Sheriff under the Republican and Jefferson Union emblems.

FULL OF CANDIDATES AND MEN WHO EXPECT JOBS.

The dozen organizations are doing everything they can to call attention to themselves. The Bronx is "billed" as a country town for a circus. Even the trolley cars in service are plastered with lithographic portraits and posters with brilliant legends. Throw a stone and it will hit a candidate and then bounce off and strike two men who expect to get jobs with the new administration. The new county offices provide for only 312 berths, but there are slightly more than 11,000 Bronxites on their toes reaching up for them, and they are just as certain as they can be that they'll get the jobs, too. The Marathon for the jobs gives promise of setting up a lot of new records.

What one gathers from this wholesale contest in the Bronx is that it is really between two camps, Tammany and anti-Tammany. The Tammany and anti-Tammany are making the fight of their lives. There is no limit to the amount of money the organization is expending for publicity, and the voters cannot go ten steps from their doorways without running into a crowd massed around a speaker flourishing arms and words under the flash of a star.

The two strongest organizations opposing Tammany are those of the Republicans and of the Bronx County Jeffersonian Union. The latter has upon its rolls any number of men, strong, hard workers with loyal following, who were once, and not so very long ago, well placed in the councils of Tammany Hall. These men are the heart and backbone of the Jeffersonian Union and they see absolutely nothing ahead but the utter downfall of the far-flung warriors of the Wigwam. Both sides are fighting tooth and nail (another popular lithographic gem), and the end is not yet, but Tuesday.

PRIZES OF WAR ARE WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

The prize is well worth the warfare, because from it the Bronx is to emerge

Some of the Few Thousand Battling Patriots Waging War for Offices of New Bronx County

